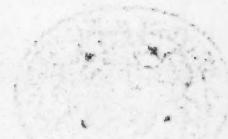


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A D R I A N O.



PRICE 2s. 6d. SEWED.



A D R I A N O;

o r,

K

THE FIRST OF JUNE,

A

P O E M.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE VILLAGE CURATE.

— neque adhuc Varo videor nec dicere Cinnâ  
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores. VIRG.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,

M.DCC.XCII,



# A D R I A N O;

O R,

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

---

Far in the bosom of an ancient wood,  
Whose frowning oaks in a deep valley grew  
Between two lofty cliffs, and to the sea  
Stretch'd out their broad impenetrable shade,  
There stood a cottage. 'Twas the lone abode  
Of Adriano and his only child  
Maria. Here had they been lost, till time  
Had hurried to oblivion twenty years.  
'Twas all his care to nourish her, all her's  
To cherish him. He taught her to be good,  
To love retirement and the quiet cell,  
And shield her virtue from the sight of men.  
She heard and heeded, and no pleasure knew

B

Apart

Apart from solitude and Adriano.

Her only walk without him and alone  
Was to a village near, to purchase food,  
Or what domestic want might farther need,  
And her own industry could ill supply.  
And ever as she jocund trip'd it home,  
Her ozier basket dangling on her arm,  
And Frisk behind her barking at her heels,  
She met her sire in tears. Constant was he  
To meet his child returning, and his tears,  
As duly shed. Oft had she ask'd the cause,  
But ask'd in vain ; till one fair summer's eve  
(The last that follow'd in the train of May)  
She urg'd her suit once more, and not in vain.  
He smil'd, and told her he had things to tell  
Would wake attention in the senseless rock.  
‘ To-morrow, child, ’tis one-and-twenty years  
‘ Since to this wretched world thy mother bare thee,  
‘ And, as I oft have told thee weeping, died.  
‘ She was—I cannot say how good—God knows.

‘ I could

‘ I could have borne the loss. For tho’ she died  
‘ To me and thee, she liv’d to peace and Heav’n.  
‘ Such virtue could not perish, but be sure  
‘ Is as the heav’ns eternal, and shall die  
‘ Never. Yes, yes, I could have borne the loss,  
‘ And thought it much to have thee left behind  
‘ Helpless and ever crying. ’Twas enough.  
‘ I might have train’d thee to thy mother’s virtue,  
‘ And, satisfied to see her live again  
‘ In a deserving daughter, have gone down  
‘ In humble quiet to my grave ; secure  
‘ That hungry penury should never haunt  
‘ And tempt thy goodness. For I had, my child,  
‘ Enough of Fortune’s bounty to supply  
‘ My ev’ry want, and something for the hand  
‘ Of the lean beggar, who now shuns my door  
‘ Or asks in vain. I had, my child, enough ;  
‘ And would I had it still. For when swift time  
‘ Has counted all my days, and these grey locks  
‘ Are call’d to shelter in the silent grave,

- ‘ When this resulting heart shall cease to beat,
- ‘ And this warm hand that now encloses thine
- ‘ Be cold and lifeless, how shall thy poor self
- ‘ Escape the lion-tooth of craving want ?
- ‘ Who will protect thee from the winning baits
- ‘ Of greedy lust ? Who clothe these tender limbs ?
- ‘ Who give thee food ?’

He said, and said no more,  
For grief was swelling in Maria's heart,  
And the big tear stole trembling from her eye.  
She hung her head, and look'd upon the ground  
To hide it ; but the gen'rous parent saw,  
And caught her in his arms. ‘ Fear not, my child,  
‘ Let us wipe off these unbecoming tears,  
‘ And cease to sigh and sob. For he who clothes  
‘ The lilies of the field, shall clothe thee too.  
‘ He who protects the little chirping bird,  
‘ Hiding her nest in foliage, and her young  
‘ Feeding with plenty, shall protect my child,

‘ Shall

‘ Shall keep her as the apple of an eye,  
‘ Shall feed her, shall invite her to his arms,  
‘ Shall shield her with his wings. Thou shalt be safe  
‘ Under his downy pinions. Thou shalt fear  
‘ By night no terror, and no storm by day.  
‘ His own eternal armour shall be thine:  
‘ The lurking adder shall not hurt thy foot,  
‘ Sorrow and sickness shall not vex thy heart.’

He said, and led her to the cottage door,  
Dispos’d the basket, comforted and kiss’d her.  
Then to the garden bow’r together both  
Link’d arm in arm, proceeded. There they sat,  
And he his melancholy tale rehears’d,  
And she was all attention. He began,  
And told her of his youth and boyish days,  
Till manhood came, his aged parents died,  
And he, a sighing lover, sought a wife.  
Twice was he wedded, and his former love,  
Bore him a son, the cause of all his woe.

He train'd him, as he thought, to deeds of praise;  
He taught him virtue, and he taught him truth,  
And sent him early to a public school.  
Here, as it seem'd (but he had none to blame)  
Virtue forsook him, and habitual vice  
Grew in her stead. He laugh'd at honesty,  
Became a sceptic, and could raise a doubt  
E'en of his father's truth. 'Twas idly done  
To tell him of another world, for wits  
Knew better; and the only good on earth  
Was pleasure; not to follow *that* was sin.  
‘ Sure he that made us, made us to enjoy ;  
‘ And why, said he, should my fond father prate  
‘ Of virtue and religion. They afford  
‘ No joys, and would abridge the scanty few  
‘ Of nature. Nature be my deity,  
‘ Her let me worship, as herself enjoins,  
‘ At the full board of plenty.’ Thoughtless boy !  
So to a libertine he grew, a wit,  
A man of honour, boastful empty names

That dignify the villain, Seldom seen,  
And when at home under a cautious mask  
Concealing the lewd soul, his father thought  
He grew in wisdom as he grew in years.  
He fondly deem'd he could perceive the growth  
Of goodness and of learning, shooting up,  
Like the young offspring of the shelter'd hop,  
Unusual progress in a summer's night.  
He call'd him home, with great applause dismiss'd  
By his glad tutors—gave him good advice—  
Bles'd him, and bade him prosper. With warm heart  
He drew his purse-strings, and the utmost doit  
Pour'd in the youngster's palm. ' Away, he cries,  
' Go to the seat of learning, boy. Be good,  
' Be wise, be frugal, for 'tis all I can.'  
' I will,' said Toby, as he bang'd the door,  
And wink'd, and snap'd his finger, ' Sir, I will,'

So joyful he to Alma Mater went  
A sturdy fresh-man. See him just arriv'd,

Receiv'd, matriculated, and resolv'd  
To drown his freshness in a pipe of port.  
‘ Quick, Mr. Vintner, twenty dozen more;  
‘ Some claret too. Here's to our friends at home.  
‘ There let 'em doze. Be it our nobler aim  
‘ To live—where stands the bottle?’ Then to town  
Hies the gay spark for futile purposes,  
And deeds my bashful muse disdains to name.  
From town to college, till a fresh supply  
Sends him again from college up to town.  
The tedious interval the mace and cue,  
The tennis-court and racket, the slow lounge  
From street to street, the badger-hunt, the race,  
The raffle, the excursion, and the dance,  
Ices and soups, dice, and the bet at whist,  
Serve well enough to fill. Grievous accounts  
The weekly post to the vex'd parent brings  
Of college impositions, heavy dues,  
Demands enormous, which the wicked son  
Declares he does his utmost to prevent.

So,

So, blaming with good cause the vast expence,  
Bill after bill he sends, and pens the draught  
Till the full ink-horn fails. With grateful heart  
Toby receives, short leave of absence begs,  
Obtains it by a lie, gallops away,  
And no one knows what charming things are done,  
Till the gull'd boy returns without his pence,  
And prates of deeds unworthy of a brute.  
Vile deeds, but such as in these polish'd days  
None blames or hides.

So Toby fares, nor heeds,  
Till terms are wasted, and the proud degree,  
Soon purchas'd, comes his learned toils to crown.  
He swears, and swears he knows not what, nor cares,  
Becomes a perjur'd graduate, and thinks soon  
To be a candidate for orders. Ah !  
Vain was the hope. Tho' many a wolf as fell  
Deceive the shepherd and devour the flock,  
Thou none shalt injure. On a luckless day,

Withdrawn

Withdrawn to taste the pleasures of the town,  
Heated with wine, a vehement dispute  
With a detested rival shook the roof.  
He pen'd a challenge, sent it, fought, and fell;  
And, if there be for such delinquents room  
In God's eternal mansions, went to Heaven.

The terrible report in half a day  
Reach'd Adriano's ear. His wife was dead.  
Her heav'n-aspiring soul had just forsook  
Its mortal tenement, her eye was fix'd,  
And in his own he press'd her pallid hand  
Cold as a stone. A longing look he rais'd,  
And wish'd to follow, but severer lot  
Chain'd him to earth. 'Think then, my child,' says he,  
' Think what a stroke I felt, when in one day  
' Thy mother died, and thy base brother fell,  
' Tho' base belov'd, tho' worthless yet regretted.  
' I could not pour on thy lov'd mother's bier  
' My debt of grief, but gave her to the earth

‘ Ere

‘ Ere I had half bewail’d her, or had once  
‘ That honest pleasure known the good man feels  
‘ In shedding sorrow o’er his buried friend.  
‘ I hasten’d to my son. I found him dead.  
‘ I wept and buried him. And then I thought,  
‘ His debts discharg’d, to have sought thee once more,  
‘ My only comfort left, and liv’d at home  
‘ In honorable ease. But ah, my child,  
‘ Much as I thought for him, he never thought  
‘ Or for himself or me. No debt was paid,  
‘ But all my former bounty had been spent  
‘ On vice and folly. Not a single trade  
‘ But brought me some exorbitant demand  
‘ On my diminish’d purse. I paid them all,  
‘ And little was there left for me and thee,  
‘ To be the slender means of our support.  
‘ Thanks be to Heaven, like the widow’s cruse,  
‘ That little never fail’d. With my own hands  
‘ In this our garden have I daily wrought,  
‘ And the kind earth has well repaid my toil.

‘ We

‘ We have not wanted, but have reap’d enough  
‘ These twenty years, and he that pines for more  
‘ Deserves not what he has. I was content,  
‘ And many a pleasant day have past, with thee,  
‘ And my few books, and antique instrument.  
‘ How chang’d from what I was! but not so chang’d,  
‘ Wish I my lot revers’d, or would again  
‘ To the gay world return. Only for thee  
‘ Grieves my sad heart with heavy thoughts oppress’d,  
‘ And not enough relying on his arm  
‘ Who knows my wants and surely will not fail me.  
‘ I grieve for thee, who hast not in the world  
‘ A friend but me, whose wither’d arm can do  
‘ But little to defend thee, and must soon  
‘ Do nothing. True, we found a friend of late,  
‘ Where none had sought him, in the pleasant cot  
‘ At the hill-foot, that stands upon the verge  
‘ Of this tall wood, and overlooks the vale.  
‘ Gilbert is honest, or my eyes deceive me.  
‘ I love the two young maids he calls his sisters.

‘ Anna

‘ Anna is sensible, Sophia fair,  
‘ And both are good. I honour such. They come,  
‘ Soon as the morrow dawns, to hail the day  
‘ Which gave Maria birth. They sought my door  
‘ Soon as the bird was flown, and promis’d me.  
‘ But know, Maria, in this naughty world  
‘ The garb of virtue is assum’d by vice,  
‘ And hard it is for an experienc’d eye  
‘ To say who merits. Falshood often lurks  
‘ Under the veil of truth, and seeming worth  
‘ Is but the mask to hide a villain’s heart.  
‘ Be cautious whom you trust. Make none a friend  
‘ Till long experience has confirm’d him yours.  
‘ But having tried his worth, and found him true,  
‘ Give him thy heart for ever. Such a friend  
‘ Is the best blessing human life affords.  
‘ Find one and be content. There are not many.  
‘ One in a million. Friendship thus begun  
‘ Refines and mellows like a gen’rous wine,  
‘ Improves as it grows older, and from age

‘ Acquires

‘ Acquires a flavor that may charm the taste  
‘ Of Cherubim and Angels. Yet be kind  
‘ And affable to all, and strive with none:  
‘ Give none occasion to condemn and hate  
‘ And wish to injure thee, in all thy words  
‘ Wife as the serpent, gentle as the dove.’

He said and ended, and beheld the moon  
Thro’ the dark branches of a quiv’ring beech  
In mellow glory rising. Day was fled,  
Th’ expiring ray of the departed sun  
Glow’d faintly in the west, and the clear star  
That leads him up, or lights him to his bed  
Was sinking fast into the smiling sea.  
He rose, and with his daughter sought repose,  
Ne’er sought in vain under the cottage roof.

Sleep on, ye happy cottagers, sleep on ;  
A wakeful eye regards you, sleep in peace.  
Ye shall not sleep again till sorrow cease,

’Till

"Till Providence reward your faith and truth,  
And with a world of joy repay your tears.

---

NOW day awoke, and the rejoicing sun  
Rose to the morning chorus of the wood.  
Sophia saw and heard, and Anna rous'd  
Yet sleeping. Up they sprung, light as two doves;  
And now, by fancy dress'd, on Gilbert call  
To quit his closet, and the scheme complete  
They yesternight had plan'd. Gilbert was ris'n,  
And bade the maids good-morrow with his flute.  
Sophia heard, and seizing her guitar,  
Tun'd it in haste. They join'd, and altogether  
Down the dry path to Adriano's cot  
In silence hastened. Thither come, they paus'd,  
And, drawing to the window, all at once

Their

Their morning serenade struck up. His flute  
In smooth persuasive tones young Gilbert blew,  
Sophia lightly touch'd her soft guitar,  
And with angelic sweetnes Anna fung.

Hark ! the music morning brings  
To Adriano's lone retreat,  
Ev'ry songster gaily sings,  
Melody how rare and sweet !

The steeple bell with tone so grave  
Hear it fwell and proudly roar.  
Hear the solemn sounding wave  
Die in murmurs on the shore.

Hark ! the sheepcote how it rings,  
Loud the distant heifer lows,  
The village herald claps his wings,  
Mounts the gate and stoutly crows.

Adriano,

Adriano, hear and rise.

Hear, Maria, hear and wake,  
Hear and lift thy charming eyes,  
All is cheerful for thy sake.

Maria heard, and startled at the sound,  
Sprung from her chair, and threw her book aside.  
For she had risen, as her custom was,  
At that fine hour when never-loit'ring day  
Forsakes his chamber, and the glorious sun  
Shames the dull taper. Dissipation holds  
To light her closing revels. To the door  
She trip'd, and gently peeping saw unseen  
Who sung, who play'd. Her little heart was glad,  
And flutter'd with impatience, like a bird  
Newly imprison'd. With supreme delight  
She mark'd the song, and hearken'd to its close:  
Then lifting cautiously the wooden latch,  
The door with silence open'd, stood reveal'd,  
And bade her friends good-morrow, with a smile

Improv'd and heighten'd by a glowing blush  
Might teach the morning envy. Yes, she blush'd  
Where no shame was. For she was meek as good,  
And fair as meek. Civility arose,  
And ev'ry friend who enter'd, shook her hand,  
Gave joy, and took a kiss—to thee, fond youth,  
With some reluctance giv'n, and not obtain'd,  
However sought, on any day but this,  
Tho' she esteems thee much. The board was spread,  
And ere the guests were seated came the host,  
And, with a smile that made his hoary locks  
Lovely as youth, bade welcome. On his child  
A thousand hearty blessings he bestow'd,  
And kiss'd her thrice and thrice. Then 'gan the chat,  
And cheerfully they smil'd at Anna's jest  
And Adriano's tale. But little time  
Gave they to rest so soon, accustom'd all  
At this fine hour to scale the lofty cliff,  
Where first the rising sun his beams impress'd  
And drank the dew. With one consent they rose,

And

And from the wood emerging clomb the hill,  
Oft pausing as they went, to gather breath  
And view the prospect. To the top at last  
They come, and drink the wholesome morning breeze,  
Parent of health and beauty. There they walk  
And count the village steeples, woods and farms,  
Villas and towns. Now cautiously approach  
The awful brink of the bold jutting cliff,  
And look delighted on the boundless sea.  
Here they remark the azure plain is still  
And smooth as marble, cover'd here with sails,  
Here streak'd with shadows from above, and here  
Ruffled and sparkling like a flood of gems.  
Here they beheld a chain of rocks half hid,  
And gently wash'd by the returning wave.  
Here the curl'd waters break upon the shore,  
They see the foam, and faintly hear the murmur.  
Upon the beach a fisherman they ken  
Spreading his nets to dry, his little bark  
Riding at anchor; but a mite is he,

His bark a nut-shell. But not long they look,  
For story tells of some who gaz'd too much,  
And turning giddy fell, tremendous thought,  
From top to bottom, many a fathom down  
To certain death. 'Twas like a fall from Heaven.  
So cheerfully they turn'd, and down the hill  
With ease descended to the shady cot.  
There see them seated, and the good man hear  
With many a jest and many a merry tale  
Beguiling time, the while Maria brews  
The fragrant tea, and fair Sophia waits  
And deals about her cakes and butter'd roll.  
From such a hand what mortal can refuse ?  
So to be waited on improves the feast,  
'Twould make ambrosia of a peasant's bread,  
And fill his cup with nectar. She was fair,  
Was exquisitely fair and knew it not.  
Gilbert had told her she was wond'rous plain,  
And she believ'd him ; flying from her glass  
And under-rating every grace she had.

She

She courted not the eye, but still withdrew  
And gave the way to Anna, nothing vex'd  
To be outdone. So was the lovely maid  
Quiet and unassuming; quick to serve,  
As deeming some atonement might be made  
For want of charms, by readiness to please.  
Anna had wit, and heartily she laugh'd  
To hear the jest go round, the shuttlecock  
Wits love, and ever as it came to her  
She struck it smartly, and it swift return'd.  
Yet she was generous, and never drew  
But in a cause of honor. Her keen stroke  
Fell never on the golden shield of truth,  
Nor treacherously gave a coward scar  
To unarm'd virtue. Say as much of yours,  
Ye charitable maidens of threescore,  
Ye praters, who delight to steal the wreath  
From merit's blister'd hand, who nettles twine  
For virtue's tender brow, scourge modest worth,  
And grant humility a crown of thorns.

Anna no wreath had envy'd or despoil'd.  
Only at folly, vice, and want of sense  
She aim'd her shaft, and only there drew blood.  
No surgeon's lancet had a finer edge,  
And he that felt it smil'd, content to bleed  
To purchase health so easy. Gilbert too,  
Provok'd by merriment, had sense and humor,  
Which ever as they went kept equal pace,  
Like steeds well match'd, and neither lag'd behind,  
Or over-ran the other. But at home  
To graver thoughts he dedicates the day,  
Taught by his father, a deserving priest,  
To think. A man of rarest worth was he,  
And led his children in the paths of truth.  
He made them virtuous and died. So left,  
To the small cot that overlooks the vale,  
Taking in one wide view the down, the wood,  
The cultivated champain, and the sea,  
They came lamenting. Here they liv'd in peace;  
A little patrimony all their care,

Sav'd

Sav'd by their father from the scanty dues  
Of one small living: better sav'd he thought  
Than wasted on degrees to make his son  
A member of the church, which oft repays  
Endless expence with forty pounds a year  
Only for life. So happily they liv'd,  
Secure at least from want, tho' little rais'd  
Above the gen'ral herd. O happy state  
And only to be envied ! One short year  
The pleasant cottage had receiv'd its guests,  
And only miss'd them when the dappled morn  
Invited to the hill, or silent eve  
Drew to the wood and Adriano's cot !  
Or when as now with early steps they came  
To breakfast with Maria, So they sat ;  
And time was brisk, and with his hasty bell  
Twice rung the finish'd hour, not unobserv'd.  
Each complimented each to think how soon  
Hours speed away when the delighted ear  
Feeds on the converse of the friend we love.

And much was said of life's soon-finish'd race,  
And happiness that fled as soon as felt  
Light as the morning cloud : 'till Gilbert's hand  
Drew from his pocket the close-written book  
Of choice duets, and all were loud for music.  
Then Anna sang, and in delightful fugue  
Sophia follow'd. Gilbert blew his flute,  
And made the mellow harmony complete.  
Then Anna paus'd and Gilbert's flute was still,  
And with soft voice Sophia sang alone.  
Some awe she felt, and with a downcast eye  
A modest smile and lightly-waving blush  
Gave to her song inimitable grace.  
Then Gilbert join'd again, and Anna sang  
And swell'd the chorus, till the list'ning ear  
Was raptur'd with the sound. And thus they sang.

Welcome, welcome, glowing June,  
Chiefly thou its eldest day,  
To thee our cheerful song we tune,  
Thou follower of airy May.

Welcome

Welcome to the fire and us,  
May no ill thy birth befall.  
May we ever greet thee thus,  
Ever welcome to us all.

And so they sang till the clear sun grew warm  
And the cool shade invited. Up they rose,  
And to a spreading beech, whose leafy shield  
No sun could penetrate, the merry maids  
Repair delighted. There the table stands ;  
In haste Maria brings a feast for each,  
And each produces to amuse the rest  
Her work-bag and her basket. Ev'ry tongue  
Was glib. Maria's self had found a voice,  
And much she prais'd her friends more skilful hand,  
And much excus'd her own. To work they went,  
And Anna taught her how to toil and please,  
And give the needle all the painter's art ;  
And much they chatted, and of well-known youths,  
Some loving, some belov'd, some not esteem'd,

In

In confidence said much; nor shall my Muse  
Divulge their secret passions to the world.

---

MEANTIME young Gilbert, by appointment  
bound,

Went to the sea, and to the garden bow'r  
Walk'd Adriano to reflect alone,  
And recollect his scatter'd spirits, pleas'd  
To see his daughter happy with her friends,  
And much delighted at the loud discourse  
Under the shady beech. Long time he sat,  
And meditated now, now read, now wrote,  
Unwilling to disturb the lively maids.  
For well he knew that laughter-loving youth  
Cannot enjoy her story, serious age  
And reverend experience looking on.

Gilbert

Gilbert had reach'd the shore, and found the boat  
Impatient to be gone, the steady breeze  
Swelling the bosom of the slacken'd sail.  
He tarried not, but hastily embark'd,  
And bade the chiding fisherman begone.  
Himself assisted, and with ready hand  
Drew up the anchor while the sturdy boy,  
Hoisted the sail, and his grave father sat  
To guide the helm. So from the shore they launch'd,  
Bound to no port, but destin'd on a cruize,  
A morning's cruize for fish. Pleas'd was the youth;  
With utmost joy he saw the wood recede,  
Beheld his cottage dwindled to a speck,  
Observe'd the snow-white cliffs to right and left  
Unfolding their wide barrier to his view,  
And felt the boat bound gaily o'er the waves  
Light as a cork. He took the helm rejoic'd,  
And right before the wind held on his course  
Unheeding. 'Twas in vain his busy friends  
Advis'd a diff'rent course, to gain with ease

The shore he left. He carelessly went on,  
And never dream'd of danger and delay  
Never experienc'd. Fast into the waves  
Sinks the far distant shore. The lofty cliff  
Stoops to the water, and his hoary brow  
At ev'ry wave seems buried in the flood.  
And now the gloomy clouds collect. A storm  
Comes mutt'ring o'er the deep, and hides the sun.  
Hush'd is the breeze, and the high-lifted wave,  
Portending speedy danger, to the shore  
In lurid silence rolls. In tenfold gloom  
The stormy south is wrapt, and his grim frown  
Imparts unusual horror to the deep.  
Now to the shore too late young Gilbert turns.  
The breeze is funk, and o'er the mounting waves  
Labours the bark in vain. To the stout oar  
The fisher and his son repair, and pull,  
Alarm'd for safety, till their flowing brows  
Trickle with dew. And oft the anxious youth  
Looks back amaz'd, and sees the lightning play,

And

And hears the thunder, and beholds a sea  
Ready to burst upon him. Oft he thinks  
Of Anna and Sophia, and of thee  
Much-lov'd Maria, and thy aged sire,  
Never perhaps again to walk with you,  
To hear you speak, to live upon your smiles.  
Ye hapless pair, what shall become of you,  
No brother to defend you, and no father?

But fast the storm increases. The strong flash  
Incessant gleams upon the curling wave.  
Round his dark throne in awful majesty  
The thunder marches ; his imperious roar  
Shakes the proud arch of heav'n. And now the show'r  
Begins to drop, and the unsteady gulf  
Sweeps to the shore, and stoops the flying boat  
E'en to the brink. Small distance, then, my friends,  
'Twixt life and death; a mere hair's breadth. And yet  
Far, very far, appears the wish'd-for port.  
And lo ! between you rocks, now seen, now lost

Buried

Buried in foam, and high the milky surge  
Rolls its proud cataract along the shore  
Access denying. To the frowning cliff  
Approach not. Mark the strong recoiling wave,  
E'en to the base of the high precipice  
It plunges headlong, and the stedfast hill  
Wears with eternal battery. No bark  
Of forty times your strength in such a sea  
Could live a moment. 'Twere enough to wreck  
A British navy, and her stoutest oak  
Shiver to atoms. To the faithless beach  
Fly with all speed—a hurricane pursues.  
Tempt the loud surge. If life be to be won,  
Deserve it well; if to be lost, be brave,  
And yield it hardly.

In the garden bower  
Long time had Adriano sat and mus'd.  
At length the clouded sun, and failing breeze  
That shook no more the whisp'ring poplar's leaf

Repose

Repose persuading, rous'd him from his seat  
To view the weather. With sagacious eye  
He read the gloomy South, and soon perceiv'd  
The brooding storm. Quick to the maids he walks,  
And tells of Gilbert's absence, and his wish  
To tempt that day the ever-restless deep.  
And lo! a storm advancing. To the shore  
In great anxiety they haste. His friend  
Old Adriano lov'd, and much the maids  
His orphan sisters lov'd him, and as much  
Lov'd meek Maria. On the beach they stand,  
And o'er the flouncing surge with stedfast eye  
Look out. None spies a sail; and much they fear,  
And much they hope. Of probable delay  
And alter'd purpose Adriano speaks,  
And soothes the tim'rous fair, tho' little hope  
His bosom entertain'd of Gilbert's safety.  
He tells them of miraculous escapes,  
Deliverances unthought of, and delays  
Ordain'd by Providence. At length the storm

Grew

Grew loud, and double thunder shook the cliff.

The light'ning glar'd, and shot his fiery fork

Hard at the hill. Back to the shelter'd cot

Speeds the good man, a maid in either hand,

Anna in one, Sophia in the other.

Maria ran before. Dark was the wood

And darker still the cottage. It was night

Risen at noon. Their scatter'd work they seize,

Their chairs and table, and the welcome door

Scarce enter ere the heavy shov'r descends.

A deluge falls, and loud the thunder roars

Jarring the casement. With indignant glare

The lightning flashes, and a flood of fire

Illumines all the wood. The pow'rful blast

Runs howling by the door, and oft they think

They hear the crash of the descending elm

Torne from its roots, or shatter'd beach, or oak

Smit by the bolt of Heav'n. But most they think

Of thee, young Gilbert, on the troubled deep

In anguish tost, or buried in the waves

A prey

A prey to sharks, or cast upon the beach,  
No friend to save thee, or thy poor remains  
Snatch from the flood, and lay them in the earth  
With decent burial. And much they wept,  
And many a tear was shed by thy sweet eye,  
Lovely Maria, to attest thy love  
Never before confess'd. For she had lov'd  
Much lov'd the gen'rous Gilbert, and she hop'd  
Ere Adriano died to find a friend,  
Perhaps a husband. In extreme despair  
Two hours they past, two long and painful hours.  
None took refreshment, but the little feast  
Untasted stood, courting the tongue in vain,

At length the storm abates. The furious wind  
No longer howls. The lightning faintly gleams,  
And the retiring thunder scarce is heard.  
The shower ceases, and the glowing sun  
Bursts from the cloud and hangs the wood with pearls  
Fast falling to the ground. On the dark cloud  
His wat'ry ray impress'd, in brilliant hues ~~dear~~  
Paints the gay rainbow. All is calm and clear.  
The blackbird sings, and nothing of the storm  
Is heard, save the grand surge whose heavy fall  
Sounds awful tho' remote, and as it sinks  
With harsh concussion rakes the flinty beach,  
No longer they delay, but once again  
Speed to the shore along the sandy path.  
They come, and lo! the rough tormented deep

Boils

Boils like a cauldron, like a furnace steams.  
Who can escape the fury of such wrath ?  
A multitude they meet, who one by one  
Studioosly prowl along the sounding shore,  
And glean the foamy weed for hidden wreck.  
And all they ask of Gilbert, but in vain.  
None saw him, none the fisher or his son.  
Mournfully flow, they travel the rough beach  
With painful steps, lamenting as they go.  
Link'd arm in arm went Anna and Maria,  
And arm in arm a little mile behind  
Walk'd Adriano and Sophia. He  
The tender-hearted maid consol'd, and spoke  
Of grievous accidents which oft befal  
The innocent and good, and yet require  
Steady submision and a thankful heart  
To him who sends them. Sad Maria too  
Gave grief a tongue, and comforted *her* friend  
Needing relief herself.

D 2

And

And thus they walk'd,  
Till to the foot of the steep cliff they came,  
And there they saw upon the greensward edge  
A little rais'd above them one who stood  
His arms infolded, and the roaring waves  
With stedfast eye regarded, as they roll'd  
In foamy storm against the cliff below.  
Glad they approach'd him, and with gentle voice  
Anna requested, had he seen a youth  
Clad thus and thus, a fisher and his son,  
Or a light boat with painted sides and stern.  
He heard her not, in admiration lost  
At the loud conflict of the waves below;  
Till turning short, he saw surpris'd a maid  
Whose tearful eye met his, and from whose lips  
Fell feeble accents to his ear address'd.  
He ask'd her what she would. She pray'd again,  
If he had seen a youth——

‘ Fair maid,’ said he,  
‘ I am a stranger on this boist’rous shore,  
‘ And known to none. With yester-morning’s sun  
‘ I left my home, and with a tim’rous friend  
‘ Sought these high cliffs and that majestic wood,  
‘ In search of some who in this lonely vale,  
‘ Such the report, seek shelter from the world.  
‘ To-day by noon we reach’d the utmost wood,  
‘ Just as the storm began. My wary friend  
‘ Took refuge at a cottage by the way.  
‘ With him I left my steed to the white shore  
‘ Determin’d, the wide ocean never seen,  
‘ And fortune promising to crown my hopes  
‘ A storm. I came and clomb the cliff, and saw,  
‘ In yonder hovel shelter’d, the wild flood  
‘ In all its fury. With exceeding awe  
‘ Mingled with joy (for nature in my soul  
‘ Put something of the raven, and I love  
‘ Her awful operations) I beheld  
‘ The loud tempestuous waters lifted up

‘ Proudly terrific, and in foamy pomp  
‘ Roll’d thund’ring to the shore. I felt the cliff  
‘ Shake at their potent onset, while the blast  
‘ Lifted the hovel’s roof, and his strong side,  
‘ Tho’ ribb’d with oak, before its fury lean’d.  
‘ I saw the fierce and fiery lightning fall  
‘ And burn along the cliff, e’en at my feet  
‘ Expiring. The resounding thunder seem’d  
‘ As heav’n and earth had war, and each enrag’d  
‘ Its horrid indignation had roar’d out  
‘ Close at my ear. In furious cataract  
‘ The rain descended, as if God was wroth,  
‘ And heav’n its windows once again had op’d  
‘ To drown the world. I saw the rushing show’r  
‘ Fall on the milk-white head of yon high cliff,  
‘ And steam along the down and o’er the wood,  
‘ And ever as the stormy blast grew strong  
‘ And the keen lightning shot, it seem’d to fall  
‘ In sheets of fire. Methought the batter’d earth  
‘ Rock’d to and fro, as with a palsey shook

‘ Prophetic

‘ Prophetic of her end. And then I saw,  
‘ Scarce saw, upon the bounding waves below  
‘ (Sad sight, and such as fill’d my soul with grief  
‘ And terror inexpressible) a ship,  
‘ Full of brave sailors, in extreme distress,  
‘ Toss’d on the rocks. Through all the storin I heard,  
‘ Or thought I heard, the lamentable cries  
‘ Of fifty souls in the full bloom of life  
‘ Begging relief in vain. I saw a wave  
‘ Sweep half into the flood. The living half  
‘ Frantic with terror ran from deck to deck  
‘ With lifted hands and looks imploring mercy.  
‘ Some plung’d into the waves ; and one I saw  
‘ Clasp a distracted female in his arms,  
‘ And shield her with a father’s love. In vain.  
‘ A larger wave came tumbling o’er the deck  
‘ And swept it clear. The parent’s hold was lost :  
‘ In the wet shrouds I saw his drowning child  
‘ A moment hang, then drop into the waves.  
‘ Some yet remain’d high on the rolling mast

‘ In dreadful expectation rock’d ; but soon  
‘ The welt’ring ship was buried, her high mast  
‘ Fell to the water, and no soul was left.  
‘ Soon as the storm subsided, I came down,  
‘ And saw upon the beach the scatter’d wreck  
‘ Of what was once a boat. And, as I stood  
‘ In fix’d amaze surveying the wild surge,  
‘ I saw the roaring deep cast up the corpse  
‘ Of one yet warm with life. E’en at my feet  
‘ The falling water left him, mangled much  
‘ And much distorted ; yet he seem’d a youth  
‘ Of no mean birth, his locks with ribband tied,  
‘ His coat dark blue, his waistcoat neatly wrought,  
‘ Buckles of silver in his shoes, his knees  
‘ Garter’d with silk — ’

He said, and to the earth  
Sunk Anna spiritless. Sophia too,  
Who unperceiv’d came up, and list’ning stood,  
And heard the story of the shatter’d boat,

And

And how the corpse was cloth'd, shed bitter tears  
And wrung her hands, and lift her eyes to heav'n;  
Then knelt by Anna, press'd her clay-cold hand,  
And rais'd her head, and laid her cheek to her's,  
And call'd, and sigh'd. Maria speechless stood,  
Pierc'd to the heart. Death o'er her trembling limbs  
Spread his pale banner, and the spark of life  
Was half extinguish'd. On her father's neck  
She fell, and labour'd to conceal her grief  
Too mighty to be hid. The good man wept.  
The stranger stood aghast. Humane he was  
And shed some few involuntary drops  
Not knowing why, and turn'd about to hide them.  
With gentle hand he help'd to raise the maid,  
And put the cheering ether to her lip,  
And touch'd her temples. She reviv'd, and sigh'd,  
And having found her feet, and shed a flood  
Of pure affection, with a trembling voice  
Oft interrupted, of the stranger ask'd,  
' Whither the corpse was carried.' He replied

' None

‘ None saw it but myself, and I alone  
‘ In pity to a stranger thus expos’d  
‘ To hungry sea-birds and the pitiless boor  
‘ Who walks the beach for plunder, rak’d a hole  
‘ Unseen of any, and the shroudless corpse  
‘ Buried in haste ; and came away, well-pleas’d  
‘ To have done an office that myself had wish’d  
‘ Upon the naked shore so cast.

‘ But where

‘ Where, Sir,’ said Anna, ‘ shall we find the spot  
‘ Where the dear youth lies buried ?’ ‘ Lovely maid,’  
Replied the stranger, ‘ with my own rude hands  
‘ I smooth’d it as I could, t’ escape the search  
‘ Of curious plunderers, and scarce had done  
‘ When a high-lifted surge with monstrous roar  
‘ Burst on the shore, and shot his foaming strength  
‘ Up to the topmost beach. I ran before it,  
‘ And turning could not mark the spot myself  
‘ Where the drown’d youth was laid. Thence up I came,  
‘ And

‘ And, when you saw me first, with stedfast eye  
‘ Watch’d the approach of something from the wreck  
‘ Which seem’d another corpse.’

‘ O mighty God,’

Cried Anna, ‘ then these longing eyes no more  
‘ Shall see our brother, our unhappy Gilbert.’  
‘ Gilbert !’ exclaim’d the stranger all amaz’d,  
‘ Gilbert ! and was it Gilbert whom these hands  
‘ Interr’d ? and are the maids I see his sisters ?  
‘ I might have known it, for Sophia’s voice  
‘ Twice call’d thee Anna, and my conscious heart  
‘ Leap’d at the sound. Come let me both embrace,  
‘ And be assured the man who thus intrudes  
‘ Is a warm friend, who heartily partakes  
‘ Your grief for Gilbert.’

Silence chain’d his tongue,

He said no more, but Anna’s hand in his  
Turn’d short aside, and to his flowing eyes

Applied

ADRIANO; OR,

Applied the kerchief. In extreme amaze  
All stood. There was a pause in grief, and joy  
Was ready with a dewy-raptur'd eye  
To mingle extacy with sorrow. ‘ Yes,  
‘ A warmer friend,’ said he, ‘ than greets you thus  
‘ No mortal knows. My name is Frederic !

‘ Ha ! Frederic ! and is it Frederic ?  
‘ Mine and my father’s Frederic ?’ exclaim’d  
Astonish’d Anna ; ‘ by what lucky chance  
‘ In this hard hour do I again embrace  
‘ My faithful Frederic ?’ She said, and sprung  
And caught him in her arms, and on his neck  
Breath’d out in tears unutterable joy,  
Unutterable grief.

‘ Thy Frederic,  
‘ Thy faithful Frederic, and only thine,’  
Said he, ‘ is he who holds thee. To this vale  
‘ I came in quest of thee, doubly rejoic’d  
‘ To

‘ To bear good news to Gilbert, and to thee  
‘ A heart unchang’d. I mounted not the cliff,  
‘ Till I had sought in vain the humble cot  
‘ Where fame reported Gilbert was conceal’d.  
‘ Years have elaps’d since at a friend’s retreat  
‘ I met thee, Anna, lov’d thee and was lov’d.  
‘ Our fathers saw the strong attachment made,  
‘ And thought it best to separate our hands  
‘ Till age had taught us prudence, and our love,  
‘ Of childish passion clear, to pure esteem  
‘ And rational regard had mellow’d down.  
‘ Yet am I childish still, and in my soul  
‘ Perceive no alter’d love, no warmth abated.  
‘ First in my mind is Anna when I wake,  
‘ Last ere I sleep. She is my thought all day,  
‘ My constant dream all night.’

‘ O Frederic,  
‘ And canst thou,’ said she, ‘ to a maid so lost  
‘ Be true and faithful? Canst thou love me still

‘ All.

‘ All destitute of friends, no father left  
‘ No brother to defend me? Canst thou grieve  
‘ To see these tears? And shall the same kind roof  
‘ Receive Sophia and my wretched self  
‘ Never to part? Take then my hand, and Heav’n  
‘ Mix no repentance in thy cup.’

‘ Dear soul,

‘ Can I?’—said she, ‘ inhuman were my heart,  
‘ Could I not love thee in the perilous hour,  
‘ As much or more than in the cloudless day  
‘ Of gay prosperity. Be thine my roof,  
‘ And thine Sophia. All my purse can give  
‘ Shall purchase happiness for you and me.  
‘ Come, let us hasten homeward. By the way  
‘ I’ll give you short account of better lot  
‘ Now intercepted, and to-morrow’s fun  
‘ Shall launch us on the world to live anew.’  
  
‘ Stay, gentle stranger,’ Adriano cried,

Who

Who silently had stood and mark'd his words,  
And joy'd and griev'd, ' a little moment stay.

' Be not too hasty to deprive my child  
' Of these her amiable only friends,  
' Nor pluck from me my second best support  
' Of age and weakness. Be till night at least  
' My guests, and end the melancholy day,  
' Begun with joy, in my poor shelter'd cot.  
' To leave me thus would be a loss indeed.  
' 'Twould break my poor child's heart.'

The stranger turn'd  
And bow'd obedience, by the tender fair  
With ease persuaded, in his heart inclin'd  
To meet the good petition with consent.  
So silently they went, and Fred'rick told  
The purpose of his journey. Joyful news  
He thought to bring to Gilbert and his house.  
But Providence, who ev'ry ill removes  
And gives us only good, by sudden change

Had

Had otherwise ordain'd, and what he wills  
Is best for man. A rich relation died  
And left to Gilbert a complete estate.  
  
But if he died and left no child behind,  
It went to Ronsart, an unmanner'd youth  
Bred at his mother's knee, the very man  
Who came with Fred'rick to the lonely wood.  
  
Unwelcome was the news, and ev'ry heart  
Throb'd with the transports of augmented grief.  
Sweet comfort fled, and Fred'rick strove in vain  
To stay the course of unavailing tears.  
  
So home they came, in silent sorrow sat,  
Bread of affliction ate, and drank the cup  
No longer sweet, unmixed with content.

O grief, thou blessing and thou curse, how fair,  
How charming art thou, sitting thus in state  
Upon the eyelid of ingenuous youth,  
Wat'ring the roses of a healthful cheek  
With dews of silver! O for Lely's art

To touch the canvas with a tender hand,  
And give a faithful portrait of thy charms  
Seen thro' the veil of grief, sweet maid, Sophia.

O for the pen of Milton to describe  
Thy winning sadness, thy subduing sigh,  
Gentle Maria; to describe thy pains,  
Affiduous Fred'ric, to alleviate grief  
And hang a smile upon thy Anna's brow;  
To paint the sweet composure of thy looks,  
Experienc'd Adriano, thy attempt  
To waken cheerfulness, and frequent eye  
Stealing aside in pity to Maria.

' Be comforted,' he said, and in the sound  
Was music ev'ry ear was pleas'd to hear.  
But thy availing voice was not like his  
Who bade the deep be still and it obey'd.  
A transient gleam of peace one moment shone,  
But sorrow came the next.

Short time they sat  
For Fred'ric now bethinks him of his friend,  
And begs the good man's leaye to be excus'd  
Till early eve, or till he finds at least  
The roving Ronsart. Well he knew, the youth  
Was fiery and impatient, and perhaps  
Might combat danger thus alone, unus'd  
To win regard by gentle courtesy,  
In words precipitate and harsh, in deeds  
Rude and despotic. To partake his walk  
Anna requested, and he gave consent;  
Well knowing love has many tales to tell  
Fit only for the ear of him who loves.  
So forth they walk'd, and to his weeping child  
The careful father went. He drew a seat,  
And sat between Maria and her friend.  
One hand of each he took, and bade them cease  
And shed no bitter tears for Gilbert's death,  
For death was happy. 'Twas a kind reprieve,  
To a sad exile, freedom to a slave,

Wealth

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

Wealth to a beggar. 'Twas a private door  
Open'd by Mercy to let in her son,  
The poor, unhappy, cheated pilgrim, Man,  
Into the land of rest : that happy land,  
Once his but lost, o'er whose fast-bolted gate  
Insulted Justice waves her fiery sword  
And swears no soul shall enter. Yet there was  
One entrance left, left by that gracious God,  
Who made the Heavens and this revolving Earth,  
Who spake and it was done. He gave the key  
**To Mercy**, Mercy was for Man.

But words  
Were not sufficient to remove their grief.  
He paus'd – he pitied. Gen'rous sympathy  
Thrill'd in his heart, and mounted to his eyes.  
He took his hat, and left them with a sigh.

Nor sit they long. Each takes a book by chance,  
Not purposing to read, but steal away  
And feed the sorrows of her heart alone.

INTO the wood they went. Sophia turn'd.  
Maria wander'd on. Nor stays her foot,  
Till to the margin of a brook she comes  
Swell'd by the morning's rain. Thro' the dark wood  
It's troubled torrent ran, and falling hoarse  
From a green bank on little rocks below  
Made music not ungrateful to her ear.  
She look'd about, and saw no friend behind.  
She shut her book and on a painted bench  
Erected long ago by some rude hind  
Under a poplar's shade that overhung  
The huddling brook, she sat her down and sob'd,  
Till sorrow had its fill ; then wip'd her eys,  
And lean'd her arm against the poplar's bark,

Her

Her head against her arm. The other hand  
Held fast the book and tear-dipt handkerchief.  
She look'd upon the brook, and mus'd awhile,  
Watching the bubbles as they rose and burst.  
At length persuasive rest her eyelids clos'd  
And all in graceful negligence reclin'd  
She slept, if sleep it may be call'd, that fill'd  
Her troubled mind with images of woe  
And death.

Meanwhile in sad and thoughtful mood  
Thrice round his garden Adriano walk'd.  
He shook the drooping lilac, rais'd the pea,  
Supported the gay stock, and brush'd the dew  
From the full-budded pink. With tender hand  
Maria's shelter'd flower-pots he cheer'd,  
Removing aught might hurt the cautious bud  
Of balsams, myrtles, roses, or the plant  
So finely sensitive. At length he turns  
And seeks the maids he left, but finds them not.

Deserted was the cottage, only Frisk,  
For ever faithful, at the threshold slept.  
Wide open stood the door, and seem'd to tell  
Whither the maids were gone. He drew it to,  
And Frisk before him, sought the custom'd walk  
Thro' the dark wood. Sophia soon he saw  
(Her book was open, but she read it not.)  
In thoughtful posture now, now walking brisk  
And now in warm distress looking to heav'n,  
The tears fast falling down her fluster'd cheek.

‘ What reads my child?’ he cried; ‘ some tender tale  
‘ Of virtuous suff’ring?’ Startled at the voice  
She shut her book, and wiping her warm cheek,  
Put it away disorder’d. ‘ Let me see;’  
Said Adriano kindly, ‘ let me see  
‘ What tale has pow’r to wring exhausted grief  
‘ To such a flood of woe!’ He seiz’d the book  
And found it *Werter’s Sorrows*. ‘ Ay, my child,  
‘ A wretched tale, but not to be believ’d.

‘ O pestilent

- ‘ O pestilent example, to describe
- ‘ As worthy pity and the fair one’s tears
- ‘ Deeds by no arguments to be excus’d.
- ‘ Who kills himself, involves him in the guilt
- ‘ Of foulest murder. True, no written law
- ‘ Commands our strict forbearance; but be sure
- ‘ The laws of nature are the laws of God;
- ‘ And he who said *Thou shalt not murder*, made
- ‘ This universal law that binds our hands
- ‘ From mischief to ourselves. Else why so strong
- ‘ The love of being and the fear of death?
- ‘ Why stands the tortur’d sick on the grave’s brink
- ‘ And trembles to step in? Why linger I,
- ‘ Assur’d that nothing painful waits me there?
- ‘ ’Tis God’s decree engrav’d upon the heart
- ‘ To make us wait with patience, till he comes,
- ‘ Undraws the curtain, dissipates the gloom,
- ‘ Receives us to his bosom, and rewards
- ‘ Our constancy and truth. That mortal then
- ‘ Who shuns the suffrance of impending ills,

‘ Is cowardly and rash. For what more rash  
‘ Than wilfully to spoil a noble work  
‘ God made and said let live ? What more betrays  
‘ Rank cowardice, than tim’rously to shake  
‘ And fly distracted at a foe’s approach ?  
‘ Can there be aught more painful, than to lose  
‘ An amiable wife ? In one short hour  
‘ To fall from affluence and joy and peace  
‘ To poverty and grief ? Can there be felt  
‘ Heavier misfortune, than to lose a son  
‘ And find myself a beggar at his death ;  
‘ Forc’d into solitude without a friend,  
‘ And only one poor little weeping child  
‘ To be the sad companion of my grief ?  
‘ Yet am I living still, and kiss the hand  
‘ That smote me so severely. Tell me not  
‘ That life has pains too heavy to support :  
‘ Look towards Calvary, and learn from thence  
‘ The noblest fortitude is still to bear  
‘ Accumulated ills, and never faint.

‘ We

‘ We may avoid them, if we can with honor ;  
‘ But, God requiring, let weak man submit,  
‘ And drink the bitter draught, and not repine.  
‘ Had Cato been a Christian, he had died  
‘ By inches rather than have ta’en the sword  
‘ And fall’n unlike his master.’

‘ Yes, good Sir,’

Answer’d Sophia, with a downcast eye,  
Turning the leaves, ‘ and he, who feels like me,  
‘ Would sooner bear all human woes in one,  
‘ Than fly to death for succour, and destroy  
‘ A parent’s peace for life.’

‘ ’Tis justly said,’

Cried Adriano, at the pious thought  
Touch’d with affection, ‘ and the man who dies,  
‘ Provok’d to madness by adul’trous love,  
‘ Ignobly dies. A more disgraceful end  
‘ No sentence could inflict.’

‘ And

‘ And she who loves,’

Replied Sophia, ‘ and divides her heart,

‘ Giving it not entire to him she weds,

‘ Deserves no pity, suffer what she will.’

‘ Doubtless,’ said he, ‘ O it delights me much

‘ To find such sense in woman, she can see

‘ The fatal tendency of tales like these.

‘ ’Tis thus the arch deceiver, busy still

‘ To ruin man, besets the female heart,

‘ Insinuates evil counsel, and inflames

‘ The hungry passions, that like arid flax,

‘ Catch at a spark, and mount into a blaze.

‘ The passions heated, reason strives in vain ;

‘ Her empire’s lost, and the distracted soul

‘ Becomes the sport of devils, wholly bent

‘ To turn and wind it in a world of sin.’

‘ ’Twere dangerous then,’ cried she, however good

‘ To trust our judgment in a tale like this?’

‘ Dang’rous

‘ Dang’rous indeed,’ said he, ‘ for what young maid  
‘ Can so distinguish between good and ill,  
‘ As not to love and practise both alike,  
‘ When both are painted lovely. Trust me, child,  
‘ There lurks a serpent in this flow’ry path  
‘ Shall sting thee to the quick. Better desist  
‘ And enter not at all, than be seduc’d  
‘ By its best fruits, till appetite increase,  
‘ And step by step the cautious foot advance  
‘ Till no return be found. The thirsty tongue  
‘ May taste the spring it nauseates and abhors,  
‘ Till custom makes it sweet. And frequent use  
‘ May so befool the sense to make it long  
‘ And drain the cup and drink the pois’nous dregs,  
‘ Rather than quit it for the draught of health.’

‘ If then,’ rejoin’d Sophia, ‘ tales like these  
‘ Ought never to attract a female’s eye,  
‘ Tell me, good Sir, for I have long’d to ask,  
‘ What shall we read?’

‘ What

- ‘ What read, my child?’ said he,
- ‘ Read thy Creator in his word and works.
  - ‘ Follow Philosophy, and hear her speak
  - ‘ Of other peopled worlds, and other suns
  - ‘ Enlight’ning worlds unheard of. See her draw
  - ‘ The ample circle, and describe the laws
  - ‘ Of this our little universe, which lies
  - ‘ Within the ken of our affisted eye.
  - ‘ Be with her when she turns the spotted globe,
  - ‘ And shews the cause of seasons, day and night,
  - ‘ In equal portions dealt to all mankind.
  - ‘ Attend her to the field, with studious eye
  - ‘ Closely examining whate’er she sees.
  - ‘ Hear her discourse of wisdom in the brute,
  - ‘ The fish, the fowl, the insect, plant and flow’r;
  - ‘ In ev’ry particle alive or dead
  - ‘ From the cloud-cover’d mountain’s highest peak
  - ‘ Down to the center. Follow History,
  - ‘ And hear her justify the ways of God,
  - ‘ Requiring evil, and rewarding good,

‘ And

- ‘ And holding up to honor and esteem
- ‘ The great example. Follow Poetry,
- ‘ And mark her epic song and tragic act,
- ‘ And only leave her when indecent mirth
- ‘ Turns wit to madness. I could tell thee, child,
- ‘ Would time permit, a thousand wholesome paths
- ‘ Where profit only with amusement dwells,
- ‘ And where no danger lurks. Be such as Grey,
- ‘ Or More’s attentive daughter. From his lips
- ‘ A family grew wise, and ev’ry ear
- ‘ Drank pure instruction. Like a summer sun
- ‘ On all about him his benignant ray
- ‘ Shed happy influence, and ev’ry child
- ‘ Improv’d and cherish’d by the glowing beam
- ‘ Shone like a planet. Chiefly she the first,
- ‘ The morning star, how exquisite her charms,
- ‘ For ever near and dancing in his smiles,
- ‘ And shining most the parent orb eclips’d.
- ‘ Be such as Bacon’s mother skill’d to rear
- ‘ Her infant prodigy ; or such as she

‘ The

- ‘ The gallant Sidney’s sister, learn’d and good,
- ‘ Whose like ere death shall kill, expiring time
- ‘ Shall throw a dart at him and shut the grave.
- ‘ Learn by what arts ingenious Packington
- ‘ To lasting honor rose; how Masham won
- ‘ Locke’s just regard; how pious Norton’s child
- ‘ In early greatness died; how Aftell shone
- ‘ The glory of her age. Seek these, my child,
- ‘ And let none go beyond thee. To excel
- ‘ Be all thy wish at morning, noon, and night.
- ‘ But shun the flow’ry path where no good dwells,
- ‘ And guard thy virtue as a precious gem
- ‘ Much envied and soon lost. Another time,
- ‘ If yet the wood, the cottage and the down
- ‘ Have charms to stay thee, Gilbert gone for ever,
- ‘ I will instruct thee farther. Live with me,
- ‘ And be Maria’s friend, and eat my bread,
- ‘ And be my second daughter.’

‘ Thanks, good Sir,’

Sophia said, and in one modest look

Convey’d

Convey'd such gratitude as angels feel,  
In the great world above. And now again  
Grief swell'd her heart, and tears ran down her cheek.

‘ Come,’ said the careful father, ‘ weep no more.  
‘ Go to the cot, ere chilly ev’ning come,  
‘ And the damp wood affect thee. Where’s my  
daughter?’

---

UNDER a poplar’s shade that overhung  
The noisy brook, upon a painted bench,  
Maria sat and slept. But scarce her eyes  
Had clos’d, when Ronsart looking for his friend,  
And angry to be left so long alone,  
Came scowling to the spot. He saw the maid,  
And stood a moment in amazement lost.

His

His anger ceas'd and pleasure in its stead  
Sat on his brow exulting. So retreats  
The morning cloud before the rising sun,  
And day that louring wak'd forbears her frown  
And softens to a smile. Nearer the maid  
He drew, enraptur'd with her charms. He gazed,  
And all the villain came into his heart.  
He long'd, and yet he fear'd to touch. For vice  
Is ever aw'd at goodness, and begins  
Her treach'rous act with fear and doubt, ashame'd  
To see herself so base, and of her prey  
Inly despairing, since no pow'r can force  
Strong heav'n, no strength withstand his fiery arm  
Who fights for virtue. With a trembling hand  
He stole the book and read—he drew away  
And kis'd her handkerchief, and touch'd her hand.  
So plays the hungry tiger with his prey,  
Whetting his appetite by long restraint.  
She mov'd, and sigh'd. He throb'd with expectation,  
And ready stood to catch her in his arms

Soon

Soon as her eye-lids rose. She slept again.  
He sat beside her, and with curious eye  
Survey'd her, as he thought, all unobserv'd:  
But close behind him, by a tree conceal'd,  
Stood one in rustic habit clad, and watch'd  
His guilty motions. To the brook he came,  
And saw the maid asleep. Just then he heard  
The steps of Ronsart, and withdrew unseen.  
So when at last th' impatient youth arose,  
And wak'd the maid, and seiz'd her in his arms  
And thought him of his wicked act secure,  
Ere he could fix his longing lips on hers,  
He aim'd a blow at the young villain's head  
That fell'd him to the earth. 'Twas GILBERT.

## Struck

With terror and amaze, Maria fled,  
But knew 'twas Gilbert. To her fire she came  
Just parting from Sophia, out of breath,  
And so disorder'd between similes and tears,

F

She

She found no tongue. She took Sophia's hand  
And led her trembling to the brook. They ran  
And Adriano follow'd. Ere they came  
Ronfart had risen, and in furious wrath  
High-menacing at Gilbert ran. His voice  
Drew Fred'ric and his Anna to the spot,  
Returning home wearied with fruitless search.  
They came in time to see a second blow  
Drive Ronfart back, and plunge him in the brook.  
Then came Sophia and the injur'd maid,  
And Adriano. Fredric was enrag'd,  
He seiz'd the collar of the man unknown,  
And had not seiz'd in vain, but Anna saw  
And knew her brother. Fair Sophia saw  
And knew him. All were satisfied 'twas Gilbert.  
So eagerly they ran and kiss'd his cheek,  
And hung upon his neck, and wept for joy.  
And he wept too, and tenderly caref'sd  
Thee, dear Maria, and thy breaking heart  
Fill'd full with consolation.

Then he turn'd,  
And with austere regard on Fred'ric look'd,  
Who statue-like in blank astonishment  
Stood fix'd, and sternly ask'd him, ' what he would.'  
Speedy as lightning Anna ran between,  
And cried, ' tis Fredric.'

' It matters not,'  
Said Gilbert, ' who it is. The man who thus  
' Seizes my throat, must shew me ample cause,  
' Or I shall call him to a sharp account  
' Tho' he be Fred'ric my much-honour'd friend.'

' Who sees his friend,' cried Fred'ric, ' thus abus'd,  
' Beat to the earth and wallow'd in the brook,  
' And gives him no assistance, is a coward.  
' Let him who injur'd Ronsart shew me cause,  
' Or shall I call him to a sharp account  
' Tho' he be Gilbert my much-honour'd friend.'

‘ Then hear,’ said Gilbert. ‘ To this spot I came  
‘ Intending hurt to none. From the loud surge  
‘ But ill escap’d, and climbing the rude cliff  
‘ Thro’ a steep moulder’d gap, at a small hut  
‘ Belonging to the fisher and his son,  
‘ I found this suit, and chang’d it for my own  
‘ All dripping wet. Soon as the tempest ceas’d  
‘ I left the hut thus clad, and tow’rds the wood  
‘ Came with all speed, well knowing these my friends  
‘ And these my sisters had not hearts of steel,  
‘ And might be griev’d at my delay. I saw,  
‘ Just as my weary feet had reach’d this spot,  
‘ This lovely maid upon that bench asleep.  
‘ I saw and was refresh’d, but had not gaz’d  
‘ A moment’s space, ere yonder villain came,  
‘ Thy friend, and I retir’d, and unperceiv’d  
‘ Beheld the dev’lish antic at his wiles.  
‘ I knew his purpose (for the outward act  
‘ Gives true assurance of the inward mind),  
‘ And burning with impatience stood awhile,

‘ Till

Till he all passion seiz'd the helpless maid  
‘ Alone and sleeping, and with touch profane  
‘ Thought to have feasted on those crimson lips  
‘ And that vermillion cheek. I sprung to help her,  
‘ And sure my arm had more than usual strength,  
‘ For with one blow I fell'd him to the earth  
‘ And set the captive free. She fled alarm'd  
‘ And hardly staid to cast one thankful look  
‘ On him who sav'd her—but that gracious smile  
‘ Repays me well. The shameless villain rose,  
‘ And cursing me by ev'ry name above  
‘ Ran at my life. The second blow you saw  
‘ Which plung'd him headlong in the miry brook.  
‘ And if an act like this can need defence  
‘ I stand prepar'd to give it, for be sure  
‘ Had it been Fred'ric I had done the same,  
‘ And Fred'ric had deserv'd it.’

( ‘ Yes, and more,’

Cried Fred'ric at his guilty friend incens'd,

‘ Give me thy pardon, and chastise the boy  
‘ Till double recompence atone the wrong.  
‘ My arm shall lend assistance.’

‘ No, my friend,’

Said Gilbert, ‘ let him stand aloof, while thus  
‘ We join our hands in friendship. If he dares  
‘ Again to break the peace of this calm wood,  
‘ Again my arm shall teach him to be just.’

‘ Thy arm shall teach me, ignominious boy !’

Ronsart replied, and haughtily advanc’d ;  
‘ O Fred’ric, I’m astonish’d thy cold ear  
‘ Can drink a tale so false. ’ I is all a lie.  
‘ His was the purpose to assault the maid,  
‘ And mine to shield her. By these hazels hid,  
‘ I saw the villain to the bench advance  
‘ And offer violence. My heart was hot,  
‘ And ’gainst my brave attempt to combat force  
‘ And rescue innocence, his arm prevail’d.

‘ But

‘ But think not, Gilbert, to escape me thus.  
‘ If there be courage in thee, and these rags  
‘ Cover no coward’s heart, in half an hour  
‘ Meet me again. This be the spot, and come  
‘ Prepar’d for measures that may best acquit  
‘ My injur’d honour.’

‘ Yes,’ said Fred’ric, ‘ tis,  
‘ ’Tis all a lie. Thy purposes no doubt  
‘ Were fair and good. Look at the injur’d maid;  
‘ The frown of indignation cast on thee,  
‘ The smile bestow’d on Gilbert, are strong proofs  
‘ Thine is the cause of justice and of truth.  
‘ Thy fury shews thee honest, and thy wrongs  
‘ Cloth’d in the modest style of injur’d worth  
‘ Bespeak a friend’s compassion. I rejoice  
‘ Gilbert yet lives to disappoint thy hopes  
‘ Thou man of honor, to reward thy deeds  
‘ Thou man of courage. In my soul I loath  
‘ The wretch who dares be wicked, yet complains

‘ Of injur’d honor, and defends his act  
‘ With specious lies and seeming honesty.  
‘ O Gilbert, let me give thee double joy,  
‘ Escap’d the troublous ocean and restor’d  
‘ To these and me. We thought the roaring surge  
‘ Had wreck’d thy bark and cast thee up, and I  
‘ In pity to a mangled corpse unknown  
‘ Had giv’n thee hasty burial in the beach.  
‘ It griev’d me much, for to the wood I came  
‘ With joyful news. The wealthy Rowley dead  
‘ Gives thee his whole estate. Enjoy it long  
‘ And be the father of a num’rous race,  
‘ And Ronsart’s second hope prevented thus  
‘ Remain unsatisfied for ever. Come,  
‘ Let us be gone and leave the valiant boy  
‘ To meditate at leisure. He may find  
‘ A surer way to honor, than to lurk  
‘ And offer insult to a sleeping maid,  
‘ To menace her protector, and demand

‘ Strict

‘ Strict satisfaction when no head but his

‘ Deserves the stroke of justice.’

Gilbert stood

With thoughtful brow revolving in his mind

Old Rowley’s goodness, cheerful now, now grave.

In doubt was he, or to accept his lot

Or love the cottage still. Of the wide world

He little knew, nor much had seen to blame;

And novelty had charms to win his heart.

But here Maria dwelt, and what was wealth

Or what was life without her? His distress

Good Adriano saw, and mark’d his eye

Oft turning to Maria. ‘ Why,’ said he,

‘ Stands Gilbert faltering thus, the only soul

‘ That not rejoices at his own good lot?’

‘ ’Tis strange indeed,’ said Gilbert, ‘ but my mind

‘ Is doubtful of its choice. On either hand

‘ A happy lot invites me, and to each

‘ My

‘ My wav’ring heart inclines. Here stands the world,  
‘ And with a fascinating smile attracts,  
‘ And talks of duties between man and man,  
‘ Of laurels to be won and praise deserv’d  
‘ By public service. Sweet retirement there  
‘ Shews me her boundless treasures, bids me drink  
‘ At her eternal fountain of delights,  
‘ And rove, and read, and prattle to my friends  
‘ In the fine ease of unmolested life.  
‘ And how shall I forsake the funny down,  
‘ How leave the shady wood, the cot and thee,  
‘ And dear Maria? Who shall guard her then  
‘ From the fly lurking villain?’

‘ Fear thou not,’

Said Adriano smiling, ‘ let us live

‘ Unheard of still. There is a God above  
‘ Who loves the good, and guards them from all ills.  
‘ And he shall lend me to protect my child  
‘ A shield of Adamant. Go seek the world

‘ Shine

‘ Shine in the public eye. Be great and good.  
‘ Employ thy talents to a noble end,  
‘ And pay them back with int’rest. Other downs,  
‘ And other woods, and other smiling friends,  
‘ And other mansions shall delight thee there.  
‘ Forget Maria and her father’s cell,  
‘ And live with men, and feast thy ear with mirth  
‘ Thy eye with beauty.’

‘ Never,’ cries the youth,

‘ O never, never. Let me sooner die  
‘ Than leave the friends I love. I cannot quit  
‘ The shady cottage and the sunny down  
‘ These many years remember’d, often sought  
‘ At morning and at eve. My native soil  
‘ I cannot leave thee, how much less my friends,  
‘ Thee Adriano and thy dutious child  
‘ Maria. Give me her and to the world  
‘ I go rejoicing, for I must confess  
‘ I love her much.’

‘ I know

‘ I know thou lov’st her much,’  
Said Adriano, ‘ and thou didst enough  
‘ Weil to deserve her heart. But how shall I  
‘ Support the absence of an only child,  
‘ Scarce able now to live, by her good hand  
‘ Sustain’d and cherish’d?’

‘ Be together still,’  
Cried Gilbert warmly, ‘ and my house thy home.  
‘ What says Maria?’

On the ground were fix’d  
Her modest eyes, and downcast was her head.  
She smooth’d her apron’s hem and smil’d aside,  
And lovely blushes wav’d upon her cheek.  
She look’d at Adriano for his leave,  
And gave her hand to Gilbert. Her meek eye  
Met his transported, and a look of love  
Shot to his heart. He kiss’d her glowing cheek,  
And Adriano smil’d. The happy sign  
Maria saw, and fell upon his neck.

And,

And, 'O Maria, my dear child,' he said,  
‘ This was the happy hour I long’d to see.  
‘ My daughter wedded to a worthy youth  
‘ Who so deserves her, fills my heart with joy.  
‘ I ask no more; kind Heav’n has fully paid  
‘ For all my former pains. Be happy these,  
‘ I leave the world in peace, content to die  
‘ And go to her whose loss these eyes have wept  
‘ These twenty years. Maria, love thy husband.  
‘ Be kind to him as thou wast kind to me,  
‘ And he shall love thee with as perfect love.  
‘ A few short days, perhaps, and I am gone;  
‘ My office is expir’d, and what can I  
‘ To be of service more?’

‘ Come, come,’ said Gilbert,  
‘ Live and rejoice with us. A few short years  
‘ Of the best happiness this world affords,  
‘ Shall not o’erpay thee for thy daily care  
‘ To rear this lovely maid. Great was the gift,

‘ And

‘ And pure is the esteem that gift has won.  
‘ Oh ! my heart longs to shew thee what it owes,  
‘ And make thy happiness complete as mine.  
‘ To-morrow let us hence. Another day  
‘ Shall make Maria mine. I cannot rest  
‘ Till I have shewn to an admiring world  
‘ How fair a rose has in the desert sprung.’

O ye mistaken belles, who fondly think  
'Tis prudent to engage the public eye  
Ere infancy expire ; to lead the dance,  
Parade the public walk and crowded street,  
Prate to the grinning coxcomb, and engage  
The eager ears of an assembled rout  
All hungry to devour your pert remark,  
To scream at the full concert unabash'd,  
And foremost sit in the projecting box  
Till the fine blush forsakes you, learn from hence  
Who quits her modesty foregoes a grace  
Which nothing can compensate. The fix'd blush,

Or

Or true or borrow'd, has few charms for man.  
Be all the morning's beauty on thy cheek,  
It shall not win me if it ne'er retire  
And come again, by just occasion call'd.  
Be all the ev'ning's splendor in thy eye,  
It shall not please me if the stubborn lid  
In sweet abashment never fall. Peruse  
All living nature ; what but modesty  
Pervades the heavn's above and earth beneath.  
The mighty Author of the world, whose hand  
Creates all beauty, flies before the search.  
We see the traces of his glorious art,  
But seek the finger that performs in vain.  
In darkness and in clouds he wraps him up,  
Withdraws, and only wishes to be seen  
In these his works ; though beautiful no doubt  
The source of so much beauty, beyond thought  
Engaging to the eye and ev'ry sense,  
That presence he denies. O modesty  
Beyond example charming ! In his word,

And

And him the pattern of his Father's deeds  
Assuming poverty to hide the God,  
Read him still modest ; and retreating still  
Though still pursued. He yet remains unseen,  
Though on the foot-stool of his throne we stand  
And feel all God about us. Hence, ye fair,  
Learn to esteem the god-like gift, and meet  
The public eye with caution, lest the blush  
By constant admiration put to flight  
Disdain to come again, and all the charms  
Which Nature gave you to engage our hearts  
Be gone, and leave you with no power to please.

GILBERT

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

---

GILBERT was marching with Maria's arm  
Fast lock'd in his, when Adriano spoke.

' Stay, Gilbert, pause awhile, and ere we go  
' Another match approve. This worthy youth  
' (For such I deem him tho' not known a day)  
' Has giv'n his heart to Anna, she to him.  
' While yet we thought thee lost, she told her love  
' All destitute of friends, and nobly he  
    Resolv'd to love her in the hour of need,  
' As much or more than in the cloudless day  
' Of gay prosperity. The same kind roof  
' Was to receive Sophia and herself  
Never to part.'

G

' O admirable

‘ O admirable friend ;  
‘ The friend in need,’ said Gilbert, ‘ is a friend  
‘ No bounty can repay.’ He took their hands  
And join’d them, and a thousand blessings gave,  
He wish’d them health, and peace, and long to live,  
As happy as Maria and himself.

Then all were cheerful, and the kifs of love  
Went round. Good humor sat on ev’ry cheek,  
And ev’ry eye was merry. The clear moon  
Rose on the wood, and disappearing half  
Under the border of a sable cloud,  
Hung like a drop of gold. The pleasing sight  
All saw delighted, Adriano most  
Who first perceiv’d the silent orb had ris’n  
And ev’ning stole upon them. With gay heart  
He summons to the cottage, there to sit,  
To eat, to drink and while away an hour  
Before they rest. Young Ronsart then he saw,  
And felt compassion for the thoughtless youth.

He

He bade the rest retire ; but Fred'ric staid  
Lest aught might prompt the hasty boy to rage,  
And Adriano's care be ill repaid  
By insolence and anger. To the youth  
The good man went. In proud disdain he turn'd,  
And with harsh finger pluck'd the hazel's leaf.  
When Adriano thus :

‘ Come, honest youth,  
‘ Mistake us not for foes. Partake our cheer.  
‘ The smart of folly felt, we ask no more.  
‘ Be wise in future. ’Tis a pow’rful hand  
‘ Protects the good ; provoke its wrath no more,  
‘ Be happy with us, for my child forgives  
‘ The purpos’d injury, assur’d like me  
‘ Thy gen’rous nature in the hour of thought  
‘ Will feel contrition. Harbor no revenge ;  
‘ For Gilbert’s anger justly was provok’d.  
‘ Think, hadst thou seen a maid by thee belov’d,  
‘ Alone thus sleeping, and a stranger came

‘ With eagerness approach’d, and seiz’d her hand  
‘ And caught her in his arms, tho’ all he wish’d  
‘ Was but a kiss, how had thy fury burn’d ?  
‘ Who could forbear and look in patience on,  
‘ To see another’s arm infold the fair  
‘ He deems his own ? Be satisfied, nor think  
‘ Gilbert has done thee wrong. Provoke him not  
‘ To meet thee in the field, for such an act  
‘ Were base in him and thee. ’Twere like the wretch  
‘ Who call’d his righteous brother to account  
‘ And slew him for his virtue. ’Twere in both  
‘ Strange violation of the law divine,  
‘ To follow custom which too often leads  
‘ To terrible mistake. The rich and great  
‘ Adopting folly, to the gen’ral eye  
‘ Make vice seem innocent. So here their use  
‘ Approves stupendous error, and the mean,  
‘ Eager to imitate their words and deeds,  
‘ Adopt an act that will not bear excuse.  
‘ Think as ye will of virtue, O ye great,

Tis'

‘ ‘Tis your’s to recommend the faith ye own,  
‘ By virtuous conduct. Ev’ry soul that fails  
‘ By your infectious fashions led astray,  
‘ Shall at your hands his happiness require.’

‘ Ay, sir,’ said Fred’ric, ‘ and ’twere well the great  
‘ Had something of the honest Briton left,  
‘ And scorn’d to ape the manners of the French.  
‘ I hate to see such senseless def’rence paid  
‘ To a designing foe. Let the fop’s coat  
‘ Be made at Paris, let his locks be teaz’d  
‘ All day by the frizeur, and let him walk  
‘ With hat in hand on tiptoe to the ball  
‘ All flattery and essence. Butterflies  
‘ Make Summer cheerful, and such powder’d moths  
    Serve for the wise to laugh at. But be sure.  
‘ Our native virtue will instruct us best  
‘ How and for what to fight. Or if *that* fail,  
‘ Appeal we to the Roman and the Greek,  
‘ Their swords were only drawn for public wrongs,

‘ And never clash’d but in the state’s defence.  
 ‘ Cæsar was brave, and Cæsar had his foes ;  
 ‘ But when drew Cæsar blood but in the field ?  
 ‘ His private quarrels to the winds he tost,  
 ‘ Forgot his injuries, and only slew  
 ‘ Contending for his country.’

‘ Truly said,’

Cried Adriano, ‘ and the man who thinks  
 ‘ Will act like Cæsar, for no public good  
 ‘ Can flow from private vengeance. ’Tis our part,  
 ‘ As Christians, to forget the wrongs we feel,  
 ‘ To pardon trespasses, our very foes  
 ‘ To love and cherish, to do good to all,  
 ‘ Live peaceably, and not avenge ourselves.  
 ‘ And he who spite of duty fights and falls,  
 ‘ Runs on the sword, and is his own assassin.  
 ‘ Who sheds another’s blood, is guilty murder ;  
 ‘ No matter what the cause, for hear the law  
 “ Who sheds man’s blood, by man his blood be shed\*.

\* Gen. ix. 5.

“ E’en

“ E'en of the beast will I require man's life.  
“ Who kills his neighbor, be it with design,  
“ Whether they strive or not, he surely dies.  
“ Strike with a stone, with iron, or with wood †,  
“ Or only with the hand, if life be lost  
“ Tis death. The land defiled by blood, is cleans'd  
“ But by his blood who shed it.” Think of this,  
‘ My hasty friend, and let an old man's words  
‘ Sink deep into thy heart. I had a son  
‘ Who fell an early victim to the sword ;  
‘ (May God forgive him) and it grieves my soul  
‘ To find the times so thoughtless, they have lost  
‘ All sense of virtue. 'Tis a grievous sight  
‘ \* To see brave youths of towardness and hope,  
‘ Sons of the morning, cast away and lost,  
‘ Short-liv'd and transient as the meadow flowers  
‘ Before the mower's scythe ; to see their blood

† Exod. xxi. Numb. xxxv.

\* Bacon.

‘ Ignobly shed, whose efforts might have won  
‘ A day of glory, and preserv’d a state.  
‘ Was Sidney such? was Wolf? was Manners? These  
‘ Are Britain’s boast, the noblest ornaments  
‘ That grace the story of our happy isle.’

‘ And what,’ said Fred’ric, ‘ is the cause assign’d  
‘ To vindicate the duel? Is it wrong,  
‘ Intolerable wrong? Then seek the law,  
‘ Let public justice in her even scales  
‘ Weigh the vast injury, and fix the price  
‘ Shall recompence th’ affront. The private eye  
‘ Sees double for itself, and to the foe  
‘ Allows no merit. Is the cause so small  
‘ The law o’erlooks it? Then a gen’rous mind  
‘ Should scorn a recompence.’

‘ The noble soul,’  
Said Adriano, ‘ like a Summer sea  
‘ Is not to be disturb’d by ev’ry breath.

‘ It

- ‘ It stands above weak insult, like an Alp
- ‘ That hides its sunny forehead in the sky
- ‘ And scorns the pelting of the storm below.
- ‘ True courage seldom stoops to weigh a word.
- ‘ The blow not always moves it, and it strikes
- ‘ Then only, when the gen’ral good requires.
- ‘ It feels that life and all we have is due
- ‘ To them we serve, our country and our God.
- ‘ When these command it dares oppose all ill,
- ‘ But deems it neither honest, just, nor brave,
- ‘ To combat danger, when they both forbid.
- ‘ It guards its station with a watchful eye,
- ‘ Willing to act, or patient to forbear
- ‘ As duty gives the word. For well it knows,
- ‘ True magnanimity is so to live
- ‘ As never to infringe the laws of God
- ‘ Or break the public peace. Let the shrill tongue
- ‘ Of Defamation prate, and her loud rout
- ‘ Decree a coward’s name to him who hears
- ‘ The lie unmov’d, and will not dare to fight

‘ E’en

‘ E’en for a blow. ’Tis fortitude to *bear*.  
‘ And he who cannot bear, but stakes his life  
‘ To win the praises of a herd like this,  
‘ Who hardly know a virtue from a vice,  
‘ And leaves the approbation of his God  
‘ His country and a conscience free from guilt,  
‘ What is he but a coward ? He prefers  
‘ The poor applause of women and of fools,  
‘ To inward peace and everlasting joy ;  
‘ Afraid to combat with the world’s disgrace,  
‘ Which gives no torment to a wise man’s heart,  
‘ Lasts but a day, and with to-morrow’s fun  
‘ Goes down and is forgot.’

‘ O, I abhor,’

Said Fred’ric hastily, ‘ the moody shout  
‘ Of popular applause, which falls by chance  
‘ On virtue or on vice, and not discerns  
‘ The better claim of the devout and good.  
‘ For all the praises of a world like this

‘ Who

‘ Who would be great ? Give me a thousand tomes  
‘ Of such applause, I’ll tear ’em piece by piece  
‘ And trample all my honour in the dust.  
‘ Is there a man whose judgment is exact ?  
‘ To earn his praise, I’d climb the arduous top  
‘ Of burning Ætna, were it thrice as high  
‘ As yon bright moon, and one eternal snow  
‘ To the last foot ; I’d dive into the deep,  
‘ I’d dig down to the center of the earth,  
‘ I’d take the eagle’s wings and mount the skies  
‘ And follow Virtue to her seat in heaven.’

‘ Ay, gen’rous youth,’ said Adriano pleas’d,  
‘ ’Tis noble to deserve the wise man’s praise.  
‘ Such is the man of honor. Only he  
‘ Is great and hon’rable, who fears the breach  
‘ Of laws divine or human, and foregoes  
‘ E’en reputation rather than infringe  
‘ The Christian’s duty. ’Tis the devil’s art  
‘ To varnish folly, and give vice a mask

‘ To make her look like virtue. Thus to fight  
‘ To murder and be murder’d, tho’ the cause  
‘ Would hardly justify a moment’s wrath,  
‘ Is honor, glorious honor. Vulgar eyes.  
‘ Mistake the semblance, and the specious vice  
‘ Passes for sterling virtue. But take heed,  
‘ Ingenuous youth, and let th’ impostor pass,  
‘ Scorn the applause of a misguided mob,  
‘ Despise their censures. Can that ear be judge  
‘ Of the musician’s merit, whose base sense  
‘ Can scarce prefer immortal Handel’s notes  
‘ To the harsh brayings of a pester’d ass ?  
‘ Can that eye judge of beauty and desert,  
‘ Which scarce distinguishes the sign-post daub  
‘ From the great painter, whose ingenious hand  
‘ Touches the canvas with a poet’s fire ?  
‘ Then why permit them to prescribe the bounds  
‘ Of courage and of honor ? Be assur’d  
‘ The joint applause of twenty million such  
‘ Confers no dignity. ’Tis nobler far

‘ To

- ‘ To bear the lash of slander, and be stil’d
- ‘ Scoundrel and coward with a mind at ease,
- ‘ Sure to be honor’d by the great above
- ‘ Tho’ slighted by the little here. Be first,
- ‘ Ye men of place and fashion, on whose deeds
- ‘ The vulgar eye for ever is intent,
- ‘ Their very garments modeling from you,
- ‘ Be first to recommend a steady mind,
- ‘ Serene and patient, by no wrongs provok’d
- ‘ To thirst for blood. An ornament it is
- ‘ Shall give you greatness in an angel’s eyes,
- ‘ Shall raise you all to thrones no pow’r can shake,
- ‘ For ever honor’d, and for ever lov’d.’

He said, and scarce had ended, when the sound  
Of footsteps nimbly pacing reach’d his ear.  
The hazels rustled, and with cheerful smile  
Sophia from the shade emerg’d. The moon  
Shone full upon her, and her mellow beams  
Improv’d a countenance serene as her’s.

She

She seem'd an angel stepping from the clouds  
 With happiness for man : And why ! she said,  
 ‘ Why do you loiter here ? O we have long'd,  
 ‘ Have long'd to see you. We have danc'd an age,  
 ‘ And wish'd for you to help. Come, Sir, and see  
 ‘ How gracefully Maria leads the dance.  
 ‘ She's life itself. I never saw a foot  
 ‘ So nimble and so eloquent. It speaks,  
 ‘ And the sweet whisp'ring poetry it makes  
 ‘ Shames the musician. Fred'ric come, be quick  
 ‘ For Anna waits, and waits with patience yet.’

‘ Stay but a moment !’ Adriano cried,  
 ‘ For here is one it grieves me to dismiss.’

‘ O let him join us !’ said the cheerful maid,  
 ‘ Maria charg'd me to forgive him. She  
 ‘ Can bear no malice. And do you forgive,  
 ‘ I know you to be good, and I engage  
 ‘ To be his partner in the dance.’

She

She said.

The good man solemnly forgave. The youth  
Felt true compunction, and his fault excus'd  
With shame and tears. Then Fred'ric took his hand,  
In transport home they went, and Ronsart dress'd,  
And Adriano led him to the room.

Much shame he felt, but the good man was kind  
And interceded, and they all forgave.

Gilbert shook hands, and ev'ry maid was pleas'd.  
Sophia pitied her embarrass'd swain,  
And swept her fingers o'er the loud guitar  
Provoking to the dance. The fiddler heard,  
And tun'd his strings and 'gan a lively air.

Then Gilbert seiz'd again Maria's hand  
And led her to the top; then Fred'ric ran,  
And Anna bounded to receive his hand;  
Good Adriano rested, Ronsart rose,  
And kind Sophia beckon'd with a smile.  
So merrily they danc'd one speedy hour  
Ere the last meal began. At length they ceas'd.

Then

Then much they chatted and as much they sang,  
Each by his partner seated. To delight  
Was ev'ry fair one's wish, and ev'ry youth's,  
And all were pleas'd. E'en Adriano's eye  
Sparkled with honest joy, tho' seventy years  
Had somewhat dim'd its lustre; and his cheek  
Shew'd yet some traces of the youthful blush,  
Warm'd by the hearty laugh.

At length the clock  
Sounded the midnight hour, and up they rose.  
Each to his home retreats, engag'd to rise  
And meet his charmer by the morning dawn  
At Adriano's door. To the lone cot,  
Never so long deserted, Gilbert hastes,  
In either hand a sister. To the inn  
(If such a village hovel may be call'd,  
Where the high-lifted bush, well understood,  
Alone proclaims 'Good entertainment here  
' For man and horse') speeds Fred'ric and his friend  
With

With high commissions charg'd. To her own room  
With blessings loaded by her joyous fire  
And pure affection's thrice-repeated kiss,  
Withdrew Maria, happy as a cherub.

*(Continuation of page 96.)*  

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**H**E slept in peace, but scarce one short-liv'd hour  
Her watchful eye-lids clos'd. Excessive joy  
Burn'd on her cheek and bounded in her heart.  
Nor car'd she much for sleep, while certain bliss  
Gave ease to vigilance, but envious sleep  
Cheated her fancy with a thousand dreams  
Of Gilbert struggling with the furious waves,  
And asking life in vain. At length day rose  
Wak'd by the lark, and from her bed she sprung.  
The early breakfast she prepar'd, herself  
Attir'd, and wak'd her father. Scarce had he

H

Forsook

Forsook his chamber, when the hasty rap  
Announc'd young Gilbert and his sisters. Joy  
Maria's cheek suffus'd, and with glad heart  
Her friends she welcom'd, chiefly thee, fond youth,  
For six long hours (O what an age in love)  
Not seen or heard.

And now the sounding hoofs  
Of steeds quick-pacing echo through the wood.  
The frequent lash resounds, and the brisk wheel  
Runs lightly clatt'ring o'er the velvet sward.  
Soon to the door came Fred'ric and his friend  
Each in his chaise with looks of gladness sat.  
One horse drove each, another led behind.  
They hail their happy friends, and now descend.  
And all are seated at the cheerful board.

Not long they sat, impatient to be gone,  
The door is fasten'd, Adriano mounts,  
And Gilbert at his right-hand holds the whip;

Maria

Maria sits between. His Anna's arm  
Fred'ric supports, and lifts her to her seat,  
Then follows after. Ronsart's willing hand  
Sophia's foot sustains, and to her throne  
Upon the prancing steed she neatly springs  
Light as the climbing vapour. Proud is he  
To be so mounted, and his silver bit  
Haughtily champs, and shakes his flowing mane,  
And paws the earth. Then Ronsart strode his steed,  
Young Gilbert's whip the sounding signal gave,  
And all departed. One desirous look  
Back on the lonely cot Maria cast,  
And shed a tear at parting. Due regret  
Good Adriano felt, and his moist eye  
And fault'ring tongue confess'd the swelling heart  
Unwillingly betray'd. Ah! they are gone.

Deserted roof, O how shall I forsake  
Thee the best ornament my song can boast,  
Parent of happiness that seldom fail'd,

Source of sweet peace that never ceas'd and fled  
But to return with transport. Who shall lead  
The vine's luxuriant branch and purple fruit  
About thy casements now ? Who shall regard  
The creeping ivy round thy chimney wound,  
And o'er thy thatch in dark profusion spread ?  
Who shall invite the oak's umbrageous arm ?  
Who shall frequent the beech, and on the bench  
Under his wholesome shade sweet lectures read,  
To guide his offspring in the ways of truth ?  
Who shall improve thy bow'r, and turn thy soil,  
Who prune thy fruit-trees, and protect thy flow'rs,  
Who weed the gravel at thy door ? All this  
Will I—O undisturb'd retreat, thy still,  
Thy secret pleasures shall be all I ask,  
Shut out for ever from the noise men.

But thou art dumb—thy books, thy walks, thy views,  
Have no sweet voice to captivate my ear.  
Thy music does not speak. I smile indeed

And

And see thee smile again, but all thy sounds  
Are but the feeble echoes of my own.  
My ear is hungry and my eye athirst  
For her whom Adam, earth's primeval lord,  
Found wanting never seen, and without whom  
E'en Paradise was painful. Let me feast  
On the sweet tones of melody and sense  
In soft persuasion dropping from the tongue  
Of lovely woman ; let me drink her smiles  
The beverage of love, and from her eye  
See my own joy reflected and thence doubled.  
Without her, all thy charms, forsaken cot,  
Court me in vain. Adieu then, humble roof,  
Not to be sought since not to be enjoy'd  
Alone. A little longer with the world  
I mix ; a little longer hear the shout  
Of clam'rous, factious, discontented man ;  
A little longer bear the beldam's frown,  
The hiss of slander; and the sneer of pride.  
Then shall thy door receive me, never more

To

To quit thy peaceful shadows, till kind Heav'n,  
With her the sole sweet partner of my joys,  
Transplant me (of indulgence not deserv'd)  
Into a world where charity abounds,  
And love shall live for ever and for ever.

So sang the poet, and with speedy step  
Went forward to the world. He sought the church,  
And saw Maria issue from the porch  
In transport led by Gilbert. Anna next  
Came smiling forth, to Fred'ric wedded. Then  
Cheerful tho' single and the only maid  
Without a mate, Sophia trip'd along.  
The good man follow'd with a face of joy,  
And Ronsart. Show'rs of roses strew'd the path,  
And sprigs of myrtle, lavender, and bay.  
The chaises both are fill'd, the steeds remounted,  
And thro' the village street I saw them pass,  
While ev'ry door and ev'ry window throng'd,  
And ev'ry countenance was full of mirth,

And

And merrily the bells rang round. And I stood I  
Stood thrilling as they went, for in my soul  
I love the sight of happiness enjoy'd : I  
Would it were lasting, and not quickly past  
Short as the transports of a wedding-day.

Nor stood I long, for at the wedding feast  
I knew this face was welcome, and I went.  
And I beheld young Ronsart as he rode  
And chatted with Sophia. I beheld  
His bashful look and unaffected tears  
When warm with love he loiter'd far behind,  
Bewail'd his folly, and in humble tone  
Besought the fair one, if her gen'rous heart  
Could e'er forget the wickedness he thought,  
Could love a stranger of his deeds ashame'd,  
She would regard his unabating sighs  
And with her hand reward him. I beheld  
Sophia's cheek with ardent blushes spread.

I heard

I heard her tell him of a man she lov'd,  
And he had long lov'd her, and yester-night  
The letter Fred'ric brought was penn'd by him,  
And he was constant still. Then Ronsart bow'd,  
And wav'd his claim, and to his fate resign'd.

To Gilbert's house they came, and I was there,  
And shook thy hand, Sophia, and thy lips  
Kiss'd with a lover's warmth. I saw the tear  
Run trickling from thy eye. I felt thy hand  
In extacy press mine. I saw thy tongue,  
Eager to tell me of an age of news,  
Could utter nothing, and was bound like mine  
In chains of joy and undismayed love.  
I sat beside thee at the feast. I serv'd,  
I cheer'd thee and was cheer'd. I fill'd thy glass.  
I pledg'd thy toast. I reach'd thee fruit. I drank,  
And with thee sang. I led thee to the walk,  
I led thee home, I led thee to the dance.

Time

Time had no durance ; with a prater's tongue  
He counted his short hours, and speedy Night  
Gallop'd her coursers to conclude the day.

Surely the time shall come, when once again  
Thou shalt adorn the feast, and lead the dance,  
Thyself the wedded fair. Cords of restraint  
Shall cease to bind me, and the lonely cot  
Yield all its pleasures to thy lip and mine.

F I N I S.

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